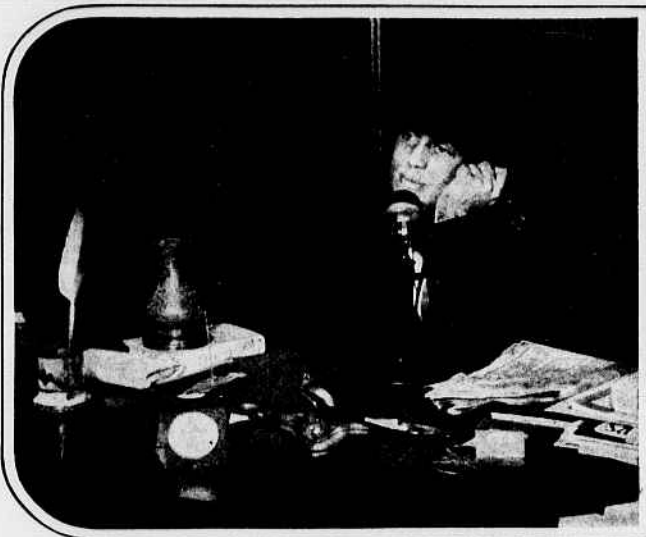


Queer Things Turn Up in Their Mail



This woman never does the same thing twice.



And this woman does one thing—and does it better than any one else.

HERE are two New York women whose ways of making good have been exactly opposite. Mrs. Charles K. Lawrence does only one thing, and does it better than any one else in the world. Miss Serena Cogswell runs what she calls a Wish Shop, where they claim to be able to carry out any wish you can think of; and consequently she never does the same thing twice.

"You can have anything you wish for here," says Miss Cogswell, "from a complete wardrobe to a complete pantry or a complete library; from ideas as to how to get a rest from your children to ideas about novel children's parties; from meeting friends at the train to home-hunting."

The Wish Shop

IN this shop of Miss Cogswell's there are not any shelves of goods. This merchant never has to "take stock" or "close out old stuff." A woman wanted her baby taken from New York to Mexico. They attended to the matter at the Wish Shop. A woman whose position makes it necessary for her to appear frequently on public platforms confided her troubles to the Wish Shop. She had to look well, but she just couldn't stand shopping, or even deciding between two gowns. They took her in hand at the Wish Shop and fitted her out completely. A person came into the shop who had a trunkful of family letters of a good deal of historical interest, but was appalled by the magnitude of the task of sorting them for preservation. Some one from the Wish Shop went down to Washington Square, and the mountain

of correspondence melted in a trice. "Of course," says the Wish-Shopkeeper, "even in this delightful brand-new profession of mine, one has to take the thorns with the roses. The other morning, when I was waiting for the elevator, a woman who was standing beside me looked at my sign and said to her friend very ironically: 'What sort of a business, I wonder, could be run by a person with such a name as Serena!'"

She Restores Tattered Maps

MRS. LAWRENCE'S job is restoring old books, maps, and documents whose owners have given them up for lost. In her tiny office she will show you books hundreds of years old, whose leaves are in tatters and dropping from their bindings, that are brought to her to restore. And restore them she does, yet without sacrificing any of the ear-marks of age.

Maps are often sent to her that are nothing but odds and ends of paper stuck into an envelop.

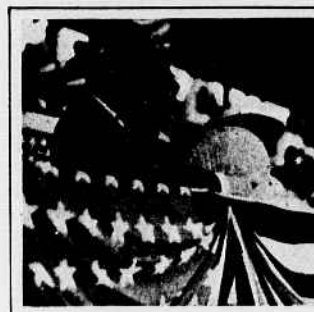
These are laid out carefully and matched—a work that takes infinite patience; after which the whole is backed with a transparent silk, so that when it is finished the original map is all there, in perfect condition and without a crease or blemish.

After the Paterson (New Jersey) fire a few years ago, Mrs. Lawrence was called upon to restore many of the city records and maps. These were received in a condition that would seem utterly hopeless to any one else. But Mrs. Lawrence restored the whole collection, and her reputation has become international.

How Did He Find Time to Go to This Ball Game?

MUCH has been written of the indomitable energy of the "Wizard of Menlo Park," as Thomas A. Edison is sometimes called. The stories of his furtive sleep snatchings and grueling stretches of labor—self-imposed—have long since lost their novelty; but here's the documentary evidence in the case. Edison's time-card for August, 1912, punched in the time-clock by the great inventor, exactly the same as the card of any ordinary workman in his great West Orange plant, gives a striking idea of his industry.

The initial that you see to the left of each time record indicates the day of the week. Thus, beginning with a Wednesday, Mr. Edison did not come in that morning at all—for he was already in, having worked all night. He left at 8.16 in the morning, and appeared



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Form No. 104
WEEK ENDING AUG. 27 1912

No. 1
NAME THOMAS A. EDISON

DAY	MORNING IN	NOON OUT	NOON IN	NIGHT OUT	EXTRA IN	EXTRA OUT	(TIME)
		8 16	2 20				
		8 11	3 35	6 48	8 00		
		9 30	4 00	7 26	8 37		
		9 35	10 00	5 50			
	8 31	1 03	1 44	7 05	8 12		
		2 49	2 57	6 31	8 03		

TOTAL TIME 95 Hrs. 49 Mins.

RATE.....

TOTAL WAGES FOR WEEK \$.....

on deck again a little over six hours later, "punching in" at 2.20—and you will notice that he didn't leave again that day, but did finally allow himself some breathing-space the following morning at 8.11 again, after a little eighteen-hour spell of toil.

Night after night the inventor worked, until the end of the week's punchings showed a total of 95 hours and 49 minutes. And yet, this week—which makes most of us look like sheer loafers—is not the exception with Mr. Edison. You will also note that the work referred to was done in August—not the coolest month of the year around New York.

It's easy enough to keep tabs on Tom Edison. Oh, dear, yes! Only—somebody snapped the top picture of him keeping score at a ball game that same sultry week.

You Needn't Be Insured to Do This



A SWARM of honey-bees smitten with the wanderlust was captured on top of a building in the heart of Atlanta recently by Ernest F. Deacon, an insur-

ance man, while from the windows of skyscrapers all around curious people watched him at his novel undertaking.

It is suspected that the bees escaped from a hive in one of the suburbs. They were first noticed when they hummed by the windows of office buildings in a black cloud. After buzzing about for more than an hour, they settled on the roof of the Central Club, a two-story structure between two sky-scrapers. The bees clustered in a thick mass around a chimney.

It seemed evident that something ought to be done. Regiments of bees are valuable, and when they go off somebody at home worries.

Mr. Deacon—who knows bees and their ways—made his exit to the roof with a packing-box. Scooping up handfuls of bees, he transferred all of them to the interior of the box, which he then muffled with canvas. The job took him nearly an hour. The city-bred watchers in neighboring offices were surprised that Mr. Deacon didn't get stung. When they asked him the reason, he replied:

"Bees never sting while they are swarming—that's all."



Millions of dollars' worth of gold has been taken from Alaskan placer mines just like this one. Water is turned into the sluice boxes, and bed-rock gravel is then shoveled in. The water carries the gravel down the line of boxes to the "riffle bars," small slats of wood nailed across the bottom of the lower boxes to cause eddies in the current. The water carries the gravel right over these bars; but the gold, being much heavier, sinks into these eddies and stays there.